But Here's The Kicker

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But Here's The Kicker

by Bordementions

Summary

Fenomeno (hesitantly) indulges your masochism fetish, and kicks the shit out of you

Notes

Stupid fucking chud crack fic I'm writing someone kill me anyways

Thank you for so many comms good lird, unfortunately they are now closed as I will be leaving for the military in early January.

Thank you for your continued supporting, I'll try to get out as many fics as I can before I leave!

It'll be around a year minimum before I'm back so I pray menonation will create many masterpieces in my absence

MENO NEEDS TO BEAT ME UP HE NEEDS TO ABUSE ME PLEASE GOD PLEASE I NEED IT

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The air in the storage room was stale, it made sense considering there wasn't much in here besides cardboard, old gym mats, and some training equipment that was probably your age. It wasn't that cluttered, but it was definitely a tight squeeze for him.

The raven-haired umamusume next to you had to hunch slightly just to avoid brushing the exposed ductwork of the ceiling, his massive frame casting a shadow that practically swallowed you whole.

He stood by a stack of vaulting boxes, his gloved hands gripping the edges of his belt so tightly the leather creaked. His violet eyes, usually so sharp and scanning for trouble, were currently darting around the room in a panic, unable to settle on your face.

"Boss... I... I must formally ask for a reconsideration of this request," Fenomeno stammered, his deep voice losing that authoritative boom. He adjusted his cap, pulling the dark visor lower as if to hide his flushed face. "This falls far outside the parameters of standard training protocols. In fact, one could argue this constitutes a gross violation of safety regulations! I could really—"

"Meno," you interrupted softly, your own face burning with a mix of shame and electric anticipation. You sat on one of the dusty mats, looking up—way, way up—at him. "I know. I know it's weird. But... please?"

He flinched, his thick, tail swishing anxiously behind him, knocking over a plastic cone with a hollow clatter. He jumped, muttering a quick apology to the inanimate object before turning those intense, terrified eyes back to you.

"But, Boss... look at you," he whispered, gesturing vaguely at your form. "And then... look at me. I could really hurt you... especially with these boots..." He lifted one leg, the heavy, reinforced black leather boot hovering in the air. The sole was thick, serrated for traction, and the well-polished side gleamed menacingly under the dim light. "They are not meant for... for this."

"I trust you," you said, the words trembling slightly. "You wouldn't do it on purpose."

You moved before he could protest again. Lying back on the blue gym mat, you stared up at the ceiling, your heart hammering against your ribs like a trapped bird. With shaking hands, you gripped the hem of your shirt and slowly peeled it upward, bunching the fabric just below

your chest.

Your stomach lay exposed—flat, soft, and utterly undefended.

Fenomeno let out a strangled noise, something between a gasp and a whimper. From his vantage point, you must have looked like porcelain. He took a heavy step forward. The yellow stripes on his trousers seemed to glow in the gloom as he loomed over you, a towering pillar of muscle.

"This is... highly irregular," he murmured, his voice tight. He looked like he was defusing a bomb.

Slowly, agonizingly slowly, he lifted his right foot. The size difference was comical, terrifying. His boot was larger than your entire head, a massive instrument of blunt force. He lowered it, the heavy tread hovering inches above your skin.

"Hold… hold still, please," he announced, trying to keep somewhat calm despite the absurdity of the situation.

He lowered the boot. The hard, cold rubber of the toe nudged against your side, just below the ribs. It pressed in, your soft flesh dipping with almost zero resistance. You sucked in a breath at the pressure, the sheer unyielding density of his footwear making you feel incredibly small.

"Soft," Meno noted, sounding horrified. "Boss, you are... very soft. If I apply even a standard force, I could rupture internal organs or shatter your ribcage. I don’t want to injure you!"

"You won't," you gasped, hands gripping the mat. "Just... hold back. Use... I don't know, five percent? Please, Meno. Just for this one time."

He stared down at you, his jaw clenched. He could see the desperation in your eyes, the way your body tensed in waiting. He wanted to flee, to run a patrol, to yell at a student for running in the halls—anything but this. But you were his Boss. You were the one who believed in him no matter what. If this was what you needed to be happy…

"If... if you give the signal, I will cease immediately," he said, his voice dropping to a serious tone for a second. "That is an order, Boss. One sound of genuine distress unrelated to the... the activity... and I am calling the infirmary."

"Deal," you choked out. "Do it."

Fenomeno took a breath, his massive chest expanding against the harness straps of his uniform. He shifted his weight to his left leg, the heavy skirt of his coat swaying. He looked at your exposed side, calculating, terrifyingly focused. His leg trembled—not from weakness, but from the immense effort of restraining his own strength.

He drew his leg back. It wasn't meant to hurt really. It wasn't even meant to be an actual kick. It was, to him, a pathetic, trembling, half-hearted swing.

But physics didn't care about his intentions.

THWACK.

The impact was instantaneous and sickeningly heavy.

The toe of his boot connected with your side, burying itself deep into your oblique. The air left your lungs in a violent, high-pitched wheeze as the force traveled through your entire torso, jarring your spine against the hard floor. It felt like being hit by a slow-moving car—a crushing, blunt trauma that turned your vision white for a split second.

"Ghhhuuugh!"

You curled up instantly, your body overriding your brain, snapping into a fetal position around the point of impact. You writhed on the mat, fingers clawing at the rubber surface, gasping for air that refused to enter your stunned lungs. The pain was blinding, a hot, throbbing supernova radiating from your side, but underneath it, the dark, electric current of satisfaction surged through your nerves.

Meno stumbled back as if he'd been burned, his hands flying to his mouth.

"Boss!!" he shrieked, his voice cracking. He dropped to his knees, his huge hands hovering over you, afraid to touch. "Report! Status report! I used excessive force! I knew it! I have committed an assault on a civilian! I need to—I need to arrest myself!"

You couldn't speak yet. You just laid there, trembling, sweat popping out on your forehead, a grin twisting your face as you fought through the agony. You glanced down at your side. Even through the tears blurring your vision, you could see the angry red mark already blooming into a deep, dark purple, the perfect imprint of a reinforced toe-cap stamped onto your skin.

"M... Meno..." you wheezed, finally catching a ragged breath.

"Do not move! Stay with me!" He leaned over you, his giant frame blocking out the light, his violet eyes wide with terror and guilt. "I'll… I'll go get help!"

"No..." you groaned, uncurling just a fraction to look at him, seeing the way his ears were pinned flat against his head in distress. The pain was exquisite. "Good... that was... good..."

"Boss, please! Your breathing is erratic! I have clearly caused internal damage!" Fenomeno was practically vibrating, his gloved hands hovering uselessly in the air, terrified that even touching you to check for a pulse would shatter you like glass.

"I'm... I'm okay," you wheezed, the words scraping against your throat.

It took a supreme effort of will to uncurl. Your abdominal muscles screamed in protest, seizing up around the blossoming trauma on your side, but you forced your body to relax, rolling back onto the mat. You looked down. The bruise was magnificent—a violent, mottled purple center radiating out into angry red, the shape clearly defined.

"See?" you gasped, flashing him a teary-eyed, shaky smile. "It's just a bruise, Meno. Standard... standard training injury."

"That is not standard!" Meno argued, his tail lashing agitatedly against his legs. "Standard injuries are scraped knees or muscle fatigue! That looks like you were assaulted!"

You ignored him, reaching out with a trembling hand. Your fingers wrapped around his ankle—or tried to. The circumference of his boot, with its thick zippers and reinforced straps, was so massive that your hand couldn't even meet on the other side. It felt like trying to grip a tree trunk sheathed in leather.

With a grunt of exertion, you tugged, guiding his massive foot back toward your stomach. He resisted at first, his leg rooted like a pillar of stone, but the moment he realized you were straining, he hurriedly moved it for you, terrified you'd pull a muscle trying to move him.

You positioned the toe of his boot right over the solar plexus this time, just below the sternum. The heavy rubber tread rested lightly on your heaving stomach, a constant, threatening weight.

"Again," you whispered, staring up at his frantic, beautiful face. "But...

Meno... I need you to really do it this time."

"Really do it?" He looked like he was about to faint. "Boss, I already used excessive force! If I escalate, the risk of—"

"I need you to be mean," you interrupted, your voice shaking with a needy hunger. "Treat me like a villain. Like I did something bad. Don't... don't hold back so much. Punishment, Meno. Give me punishment."

Fenomeno stared at you, his mouth opening and closing. The concept short-circuited his brain. He was a protector, a guardian. But you were the Boss... and if the Boss ordered punishment…

"P-punishment..." he repeated, the word rolling awkwardly on his tongue. He tried to narrow his eyes, to summon that terrifying glare he used on delinquents, but his lip quivered. "Right. Yes. You are... you are a disturbance to the public peace! You are... obstructing… something…"

He took a step back, the boot leaving your stomach, leaving the skin cold and aching for its return. He took a deep breath, his chest swelling, trying to channel his inner ruthlessness. It wasn't working.

"I am going to... to neutralize the threat!" he announced, though his voice cracked on the last word. "Prepare for... immediate suppression!"

He grit his teeth, squeezing his eyes shut for a fraction of a second as he swung his leg. He tried to push past the mental block, putting actual weight behind the motion this time, swinging from the hip rather than just the knee.

The sound was awful—a wet, dull smash that echoed off the walls of the storage unit.

The toe of his boot drove into your stomach with sickening solidity, burying itself deep into your soft gut. The force didn't just stop at the surface; it punched through, compressing your stomach against your spine, jarring your entire skeletal structure.

"G-G-GHK—!"

The sound that tore from your throat was completely involuntary, a strangled, wet gag.

You folded instantly. It wasn't a conscious choice; your body simply

snapped shut around the point of impact like a bear trap. You rolled onto your side, clutching your midsection, your mouth gaping wide in a silent scream as your diaphragm paralyzed.

It felt like he had kicked your soul out of your body.

A wave of intense, dizzying nausea washed over you, the room spinning violently. The pain was a living thing, a hot, grinding agony that made your vision spot with black. You writhed on the dusty mat, your legs kicking out uselessly as you fought to remember how to inhale. Saliva pooled in your mouth, dripping ungracefully onto the blue vinyl as you choked and gagged on nothing.

"BOSS!"

Fenomeno’s facade of the 'mean officer' shattered instantly.

"W-was that too hard?! I didn’t mean to!" He was hyperventilating, his ears pinned back so far they were practically invisible on his hat. "Speak to me! Please!"

You couldn't answer. You were too busy dry-heaving, your face pressed against the mat. But through the blinding, white-hot haze of pain... the endorphins were flooding in like a tidal wave. The sheer helplessness, the crushing reality of his strength, the fact that he could snap you in half but was fretting over you... it was intoxicating.

You managed to drag a jagged, whistling breath into your lungs. You coughed, a string of drool hanging from your lip, and looked up at him through a haze of tears.

"N-no..." you croaked, holding up one shaking hand to stop him from scooping you up. "Don't... stop..."

"Don't stop!?" Meno looked at you like you had grown a second head. "Boss, you’re hurt!"

"It's... okay..." you groaned, clutching your stomach, the pain radiating in throbbing waves that made your toes curl. "You did... good. Meno... you're so strong..."

"But please…just... just a little more..." you panted, wiping a strand of saliva from your chin. Your body felt like a raw nerve, every inch of your midsection throbbing in time with your erratic heartbeat, but the adrenaline was a drug you couldn't get enough of.

Meno looked at you with wide, watery eyes, clearly more than upset. "Boss, this is madness! You are incapacitated!"

"Please," you wheezed, shifting your weight. The movement sent a sharp jolt through your battered stomach, but you ignored it, turning your body slightly to expose the side of your ribcage. The skin there was already tender, flushed pink from the earlier 'test' nudge. "One more. Right here. Then... then we switch it up. I promise."

He hesitated, shifting his weight from foot to foot. He looked at your pleading expression, at the way you shivered in anticipation. He hated hurting you, but denying you seemed to hurt you in a different way.

"One more," he negotiated, his voice trembling. "And a light impact only. I am... I am compromising my integrity for this!"

He didn't wind up this time. He simply lifted that tree-trunk of a leg and snapped it forward—a short, controlled, yet devastating kick.

THUD.

The toe of his boot collided with your ribs. It wasn't the gut-wrenching smash of before, but it was sharper impact that made your teeth clack together. You felt your ribs bow inward, dangerously close to their limit, a spike of hot, white agony shooting up your side that stole your breath before you could even scream.

"Hnnngh!" You gritted your teeth, tears squeezing out of the corners of your eyes as you rode the wave of pain. It was sharp, distinct, and absolutely overwhelming.

"O-okay, Boss! That’s it!!" Meno yelled, stepping back and raising his hands as if surrendering.

"No... no, I'm fine..." you gasped, rolling onto your back. The ceiling spun dizzily above you. You reached out blindly, your hands scrabbling until they found the thick shin of his boot. "Come here."

You tugged. Obviously, you couldn't move him—he was rooted like a mountain—but he understood the request. He stepped closer, towering over you until he was nothing but a silhouette again.

"Put it... on me," you whispered, tapping the center of your chest. "Step on me, Meno."

"On your... chest?" He looked down at his boot, then at your chest.

"Boss, the sheer mass of my frame... I could collapse your sternum by accident. I weigh... considerably more than an average human."

"I know," you smiled deliriously. "I want to feel it. Just... be careful. Press down slowly."

With a whimper of anxiety, Fenomeno lifted his foot. The shadow of his sole fell over you, blotting out the world. It was terrifyingly huge. As he lowered it, the heavy tread spanned almost the entire width of your chest.

He made contact.

The weight was immediate and crushing. Even without him putting his full weight down, just the heaviness of the boot and his leg felt like a sandbag being dropped on your lungs. He rested the flat of his sole directly over your sternum, the hard rubber biting into your skin through your shirt.

"I... I am barely applying pressure," Meno murmured, looking down at you with a mix of fascination and horror. "Is this... acceptable?"

"Push," you choked out. "Try to... pin me."

He frowned, his brow furrowing. "Pin you? I… Very well."

He leaned forward, shifting his center of gravity just a fraction of an inch.

The air left your lungs in a rush. It wasn't a sharp pain, but a deep, encompassing pressure. It felt like a hydraulic press was slowly descending on your chest. Your ribs groaned under the strain, the walls of your chest cavity being forced down.

"Ghhhuh..."

In a surge of defiance—or perhaps just to test the reality of the situation—you brought your hands up. You gripped the sides of his massive boot, your fingers digging into the tough leather, and you pushed. You pushed with everything you had. You strained until your triceps burned and the veins in your neck stood out like cords. You tried to bench-press his leg off of you.

Nothing happened.

The boot didn't even wobble. It was like trying to push a parked car

off your chest. Your pathetic struggle didn't move him a millimeter; in fact, he seemed to settle heavier just to maintain his balance.

"Boss?" Meno tilted his head, watching your futile struggle. "Are you... attempting to resist?"

"Can't..." you wheezed, your face turning red from the exertion and the lack of oxygen. "Can't... move... you..."

"Of course you can’t," he said, and for a second, a flicker of that innate, dominant pride shone through his anxiety. "The difference in strength is way too great.”

To prove his point, he pressed down just a little harder.

The resistance was futile. Your arms, still locked and pushing, collapsed instantly under the renewed pressure. His boot sank deeper into your chest, compressing you further. The pain was incredible—a suffocating, tight agony that screamed that you were small, you were weak, and he was undeniably your superior.

You couldn't breathe. Your lungs couldn't expand against the weight. You were pinned flat, completely at his mercy, staring up at the giant who was effortlessly crushing the air out of you while looking like he was just waiting for a bus.

"Y-yeah..." you gurgled, your vision tunneling as the pressure built, the tread pattern feeling like it was being branded into your sternum. "Just... like... that..."

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